

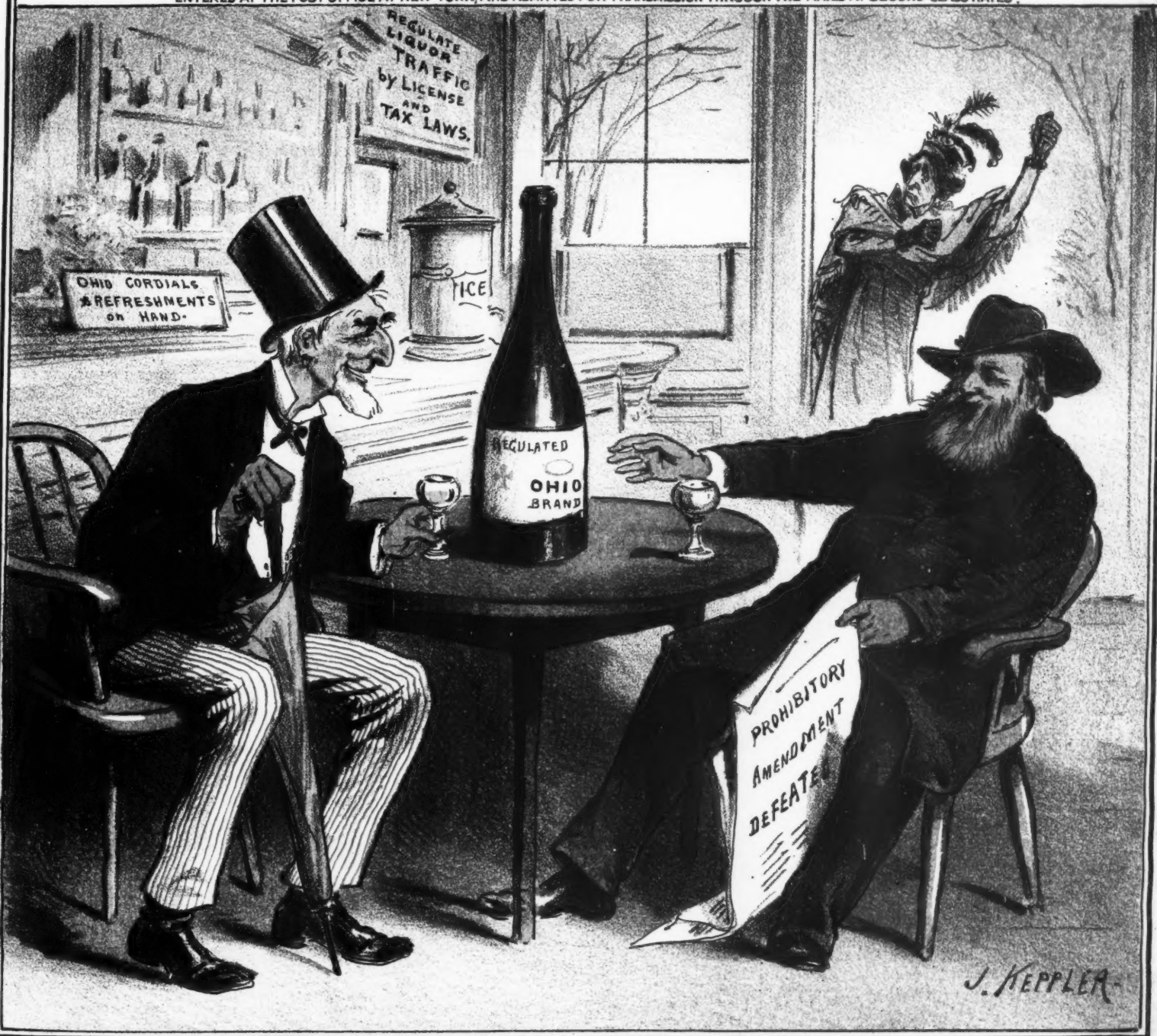


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BOTTLED POLITICS.

NOT TOO MUCH—JUST ENOUGH—PASS THE BOTTLE!



## PUCK.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 41, 53, 56, 58, 67, 69, 72, 74, 76, 79, 85, 87, 103, 108, 110, 111, 113, 118, 154 and 167 of English PUCK will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy; and No. 131 at 25 cents.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been in session in Philadelphia, but as yet we have not heard that that honorable body has had anything to say about the case of the Reverend Mr. Cowley. In 1880, Mr. Cowley was sent to Blackwell's Island, a convict. He had been found guilty of maltreating children placed under his charge in a so-called "Home." The trial was fair; the testimony clear and direct. No man above the intellectual grade of Idiot has ever questioned the justice of the verdict. At the time we said of the crime for which the Reverend Edward Cowley was punished that it was "a crime of which no one doubts he was guilty—a brutal, deliberate, revolting crime, that can call forth no plea in extenuation."

What we said then we say again. The Reverend Edward Cowley was rightly punished. His crime should have cost him much more than the one year's imprisonment which he suffered. But it was supposed that the awful degradation, the shame of public exposure and imprisonment, would be enough to crush the man forever. He was not crushed. He bobbed serenely up again; the Episcopal Church went through the mock-

## HEADS OR TAILS?



HEAD TO TAIL:—"I THINK I'LL WAG THE DOG MYSELF, THIS TIME."

Does the Tail wag the Dog?

No, gentle shepherd, the Tail does not wag the Dog; but the Dog occasionally imparts a gently pendulous motion to the Tail.

Why doesn't the Tail wag the Dog?

Is it because it doesn't know how to wag?

Is it because the Tail is tired?

Is it because the Dog is feeling solid?

Is it because the Tail isn't wagging to-day?

Oh, no. It is simply because the Tail has not Head enough about it to go and read PUCK ON WHEELS (for sale by all news-dealers, price twenty-five cents,) and get strong enough to wag the Dog.

Didn't expect that, did you?

ery of a most absurd "trial," declared the Reverend Edward Cowley "not guilty," and left him the Reverend Edward Cowley. He is still the Reverend Edward Cowley, a clergyman of the Church of England, or the Episcopal Church of America, or whatever it likes to call itself. A fine clergyman he must be who gives the right hand of fellowship to the Reverend Edward Cowley.

Whether the result of the election in Ohio is to be taken as a prognostic political for 1884 is to be doubted. But there is no doubt that it has shown one thing very clearly—that the people of Ohio are not ready to be bulldozed by a handful of fanatics who have a fancy for regulating other men's stomachs by law. Now, there is no question about it, drunkenness is a bad thing. It is very unwise in a man to charge his internal organs with more liquor than they can safely carry. Some of it is sure to get into his head, and some of it is apt to get into his liver. In either case he suffers, and those around him are apt to suffer. The practice may cause a great deal of misery. But is that any reason why a man should not drink a glass of beer?

We cannot see that, because Jones gets drunk and beats his wife, the Government of the State has any right or reason to order that Smith shall give up his wine at dinner. We cannot see, either, that any good can possibly come from the Government's issuing such an order. Smith will have his wine, all the same. He knows that he is violating no moral law in drinking moderately of whatever may suit his taste—wine or beer or whiskey or tea or milk or boiled arrowroot. Jones, likewise, will continue to drink his whiskey, in defiance of the law. Both will lose all respect for that law, seeing that it is absurd and that it may be violated. Would it not be better, O angry "Prohibitionists," to pause and ask yourselves quietly whether the cause of temperance might not be better served by more temperate measures, and a total abstinence from impracticable theories?

Tributes to womanhood are excellent things. A man cannot conveniently be supplied with more than one mother, and it is highly proper

for him at all times to remember that fact. But it does not follow that he should carry his sentimental respect for the intuitive sex beyond the limits of common sense. Within the last ten years women have figured conspicuously in the criminal courts. They appear to have learned from the sterner sex the trick of pulling a "pop," and occasionally one of them eliminates another.

Recently one endeavored to extirpate a woman who, she thought, had stolen from her a gentleman's valuable affection. The woman did not die, because her corset was in the way of the bullet. Such little performances are not uncommon. It behooves gentlemen who are on juries at the trials of such people to remember that even if a woman is pretty she should nevertheless pay the penalty of her crimes. It will not do to sympathize with her because she is a woman, just as the juryman's mother was. Let the juryman remember, if he can, that were the woman homely and somewhat ancient, he would probably forget that his mother was a woman, and go in for capital punishment.

The trouble is that the average juryman gets into a more than average muddled condition when a pretty woman sits in the prisoner's box. It is very easy for a blustering lawyer, with a ready command of the pathetic stop, to convince him that he will be doing a wrong to the whole sex if he proclaims this particular member guilty. If he does his duty as his conscience—supposing him to have one—tells him to, he is made to fear that he will insult womanhood in general.

Now, the greatest insult that a man can offer to the womanhood which we all revere is to confound it with a degraded type of femininity. It is no true gallantry that would excuse the wanton, the murderer, the female sinner against public propriety, simply because she is a woman. It is very gallant toward the woman, and very complimentary, but it is neither gallant nor complimentary toward women in general. The virtuous woman whose paths of peace do not lead her into the criminal courts, will not thank you for the compliment.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY.



HIS SCHEME.

HARLEM, Oct. 15th, 1883.

Editor PUCK—Dear Sir:

I called on my friend Alcibiades Zero, the other day. He is also a professional poet, and is a man of good standing in the trade. His specialty is advertising-poetry; but he has lyric bursts once in a while, like all the rest of us. He pæans for the Sozogum dentifrice manufacturers on a salary; but when the divine frenzy seizes him, there is no toothwash in the outpourings of his genius. He lives in Gowanus.

This autumn has been a hard one for Zero and me. The Sozogum people have intermitted his salary until next advertising season. How cold the world has been to my Muse you know already. She is now on short rations of beer, poor old girl, and you can't expect me to get much work out of her.

I called on Zero to mingle my tears with his, and to talk over the situation. It has been getting painfully clear to us both, for some time past, that things cannot go on in this way forever. On this point, I may add, my opinion has been confirmed—energetically confirmed by my landlady, a woman of remarkably sound judgement.

I found a subdued light of something like hope breaking through the beerless gloom on my colleague's face.

"I have discovered a *dernier resort*, Maestro," he said, as I entered: "We must try to get along without it; but if we are driven to it, we are at least safe for the cruel winter."

I may remark, right here, that it is customary in the trade to call me Maestro. It is a delicate little recognition of my literary eminence which I observe that the clerks in your publishing office sometimes omit to pay. There are two or three other things they sometimes omit to pay, too. Bills. Poets' bills.

Zero and I took up the financial situation and examined it on all sides. It was a very unpromising situation, every way that we looked at it. It was a meaner situation than the situation of a boy in a wholesale dry-goods store. That sometimes means a dollar a week, anyway.

I had, for a little while, some idea of drawing lots with Zero to see which of us should go out and assassinate President Arthur, so that the other could get a chance to work off some obituary patriotism. But then, as Zero remarked, the one who did the assassinating would be a more or less left poet.

Finally we concluded that Zero's *dernier resort* had better be trotted out.

He sighed, arose, and led me to a corner of the room where a cloth was spread over a mysterious something. Mournfully removing this, I saw a simple and capacious receptacle in the form of a dry-goods box, in the bottom of which was about half-a-ton of ice and salt. A sort of enlarged ice-cream freezer attachment was to be worked by a crank within reach of a person—of a poet—lying within the receptacle.

Zero explained his scheme.

"I mean," he said: "to freeze myself solid,

genius and all, for the winter season. My landlady will put me away in the cellar, and she expresses herself willing to trust me for my storage until spring, when I shall be thawed out, on the appearance of the first violets. Beautiful scheme, don't you think so?"

"Beautiful," I said: "but a bit cold, isn't it, for men of our fervid temperament?"

"Not at all," he replied: "I cover myself with mustard-plasters."

I don't quite know about Zero's scheme, however. What do you think of the frigorizing of the poet during the dull season? I would like your advice on the subject.

Yours doubtfully,

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, P. P.

NEW YORK, October 16th, 1883.

V. HUGO DUSENBURY, Esq.—Dear Sir:

Freeze up.

Yours truly,

PUBS. PUCK.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE has been so impressed with the American system of jurisprudence that he intends, on his return to England, to introduce many of our legal fashions, and to try to throw an American atmosphere about the English courts of law. As a first step in this noble work of reformation, and a step calculated to produce the true American tone in the British halls of justice, Lord Coleridge has bought for immediate exportation a cargo of full-sized spittoons. When Messrs. Pryor and Fullerton enter the New Law Courts, on their English travels, they will feel at home again.

DID YOU ever hear of such a thing as the Ohio surprise?

No, never.

What, never?

Well, Hoadly ever.

—Reversion to ancient Pinaforic type of joke.

THE AMATEUR photographer now comes home from the country and finds that the negatives that he sent back to town to develop at his leisure have been so thoroughly smashed by the express company that they can be utilized only on the back fence as an *abattis* to discourage cats.

WHERE ARE YOU, BULWER?



MR. SOLOMON BLINKENSTEIN:—"Is dere no such word as Fail?"

Puckerings.

A "BRED WINNER"—Eole.

REDUCED TERMS—Poor Rates.

A GUYED BOOK—Tupper's Poems.

A FIXED PRICE—The Statesman's.

WANTED—A Prohibitory Law Against Prohibition.

THE OHIO GERMAN ON THE SITUATION—"Zwei Bier!"

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS—The Girl With the Herbarium.

"BETSY AND THE BABY" will retire to the temperance nursery in Ohio for a year or so to come.

THE CORRECTED valuation of property in New York and Kings County is \$1,516,499,912; but this was before the *Herald* reduced its price to two cents.

WE LEARN from the *Evening Telegram* that the damage by frost to the buckwheat crop alone is \$200,000. This is great news to the chest-protector men.

IN THE Fall the sea-side maiden

Goeth back into the flat;

In the Fall Rebecca Mary

Nails her husband for a hat.

O RIPPLING RILLS, O rippling rills,  
Whereby I lay in the moon's soft sheen—  
Will you draw on your banks to pay for my pills—  
My malaria pills of quinine?\*

THE PARIS reporter à la mode *Américain* is the newspaper man who interviews a politician a week after he has fought a duel, and then crowds out the report for another week to make room for the feuilleton.

THE SUMMER-RESORT agents of the breach-of-promise lawyers have sent in their reports. They say business has been fairly brisk; but the heavy proportion of ten-dollar-a-week clerks and foreign counts has lowered the standard of the crop.

THE NATURALIZATION BUREAU is hard at work, and the reduction of the time of residence does not appear to make any difference. Formerly a foreigner could vote only when he had proved a residence of ten minutes in the United States. This period has been reduced to five, and is said to work well.

MR. PIERRE LALLEMENT used to stand on his head occasionally. You don't believe it? Ask any wheelman. He will go before a notary and take an oath that we are telling the truth. Yes, he will, chickie. You have only to explain to him that Mr. Pierre Lallement invented and rode the first bicycle. He will back us right up.

"WITH HOW small profit," remarks Mr. Charles D. Roberts, in *The Continent*,

"Men take heed

To worship, with bowed heads and suppliant hands."

Mr. Roberts, you are a good poet; but you are nowhere on your facts. Allow us, if you please—Mr. Roberts, Mr. Jay Gould—Mr. Gould, Mr. Roberts. Mr. Gould will explain to you, Mr. Roberts, that it pays to pray.

\* The ignorant may from this divine  
That it ought not to be pronounced *quymme*.



## ATHLETICS.

At the present time of the year the average young man is seized with an irresistible desire to take to athletics for the sake of his health. The form of athletics he takes to is walking. He makes up his mind that he sits altogether too much in the office, and that is what is breaking him up and making him miserable.

So he decides to stop eating apple-dumplings for luncheon, and to walk down to the office every morning, and home again every night. Then he feels certain that he will be able to sleep better, and that he will wear a healthier glow on his face, and take off some of his superfluous flesh.

So he starts out on the first morning and walks all the way down-town, and feels as merry as a lambkin on an emerald hill-side; he notices all the new buildings that have been erected since he has been riding on the elevated road, and feels a little like a stranger. And on he plods, and occasionally stops to gaze into a show-window, and then goes whistling on his

way. He wonders why everyone doesn't walk, and how stages make any money at all in clear weather.

And when he reaches the office he rubs his hands briskly together, and tells everyone that he walked all the way down, and feels as proud as though he had caught a whale. And at night he walks home—walks every step of the way, and eats twice as large a dinner as usual, and retires early and sleeps so sound that he would not wake up if you danced on him. And when he does wake up, he feels as though he had been fondled by the paddle-wheel of a ferry-boat in action.

He is so sore that it hurts him to dress. And when he leaves the house that morning he tells them what a nice walk he is going to have; but after he has walked a few blocks he quietly jumps on a car and reaches his place of business by that vehicle. And he rides home at night, too.

And he does no more walking, and when anyone asks him how he feels since he took to that form of exercise, he changes the subject as quickly as possible.

## TROCHES.

BY THE WAY—The Mile-Stone.

IN THE Fall the little school-boy  
Dreams about his airy sled;  
In the Fall the golden leaflet  
Makes the cow a pleasant bed.

ICE-CREAM, like Death, claims all seasons for its own.

IN THE Fall within the forest  
Not a happy robin toots;  
In the Fall the merry farmer  
Buys a pair of cow-hide boots.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS—Those that Work Up into Marketable Poems.

IN THE Fall the politician  
Shakes the hand of every one;  
In the Fall the happy urchin  
Blows his thumb off with a gun.

## THEIR USES.

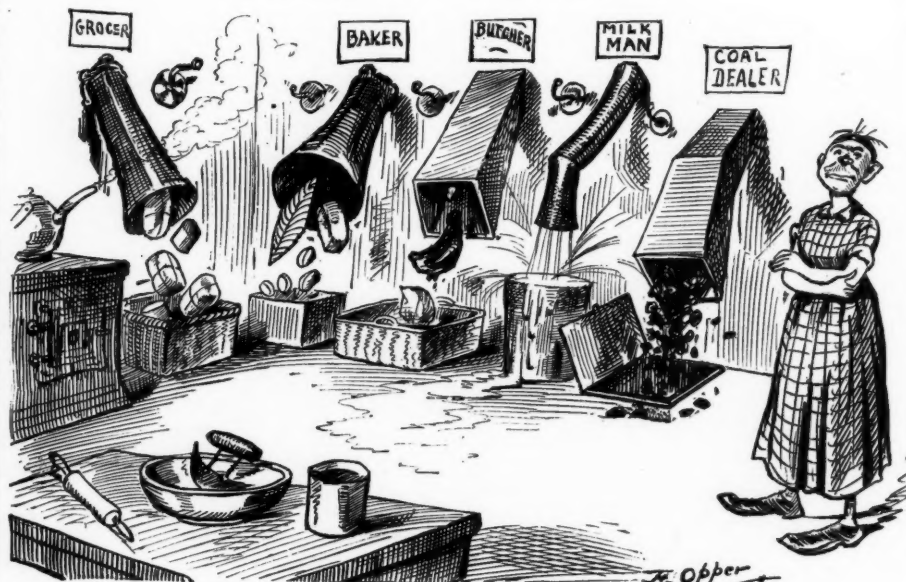
So you would like to know what becomes of all the cold buckwheat-cakes that are taken back to the hotel-kitchen, would you? Well, you shall know; because, as you say you are soon going to house-keeping, it is only right and proper that you should know all about it, that you may become a domestic economist, and make everything go as far as possible.

The cold buckwheat-cakes are not thrown away at all. They are utilized in various ways. Sometimes they are sold to stove-makers, who use them for stove-lids. Frequently they are sent to art stores, where they are sold for plaques and painted on by sentimental young ladies. In sporting establishments they are sold to people who play skittles and quoits. They even find favor in the eyes of the manufacturer of musical instruments, who uses them for tambourines and for drum and banjo-heads, after being stretched to the proper size.

They are not infrequently used for tiles, and they make very fine pump-suckers. Cut teeth in them, and you will find it difficult, if not impossible, to secure a better circular-saw. They also make a more durable wheel than does the average pie. Now, Myra, we have told you what becomes of the cold buckwheat-cakes, and it would be better for the human stomach if the hot ones were used in precisely the same way.

## THE FRENCH FLAT OF THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

EVERYTHING ON THE PREMISES.



IN THE KITCHEN.



IN THE PARLOR.

## FREE LUNCH.

It is stated that the corpulent women who bathe so much, and look so hideous in their bathing-suits, keep all the crows out of the cornfields in the vicinity of the ocean, and give the farmers a chance to save their army-overcoats and felt hats for the winter. A farmer down there recently offered to board a Fifth Avenue matron free if she would sit around the farm during the day, and got into trouble for his pains. He also insulted a dude by making the same proposition to him. The moral of this fable teaches us that members of the best society may be useful to man, in spite of all arguments to the contrary.

AT THIS time of the year the missionary in distant lands tells the serene and picturesque cannibal all about Thanksgiving-day—when it arrives and how it is celebrated by a grand feast. And after the cannibal walks off in meditation, he tells the King all about it, and the missionary is immediately caged, deprived of the anti-fat that he takes to keep too thin to be inviting as an edible, and put through a fattening process, previous to being killed and stuffed with chestnuts, to make glad the heart of the heathen in the days of chilly November.

WHEN DICKENS gets into one of the popular libraries, he frequently becomes a dime-novelist.



## IN THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF.



LA BELLE FRANCE:—"HEAVENS! HAS IT COME TO THIS—NOT ONE ADMIRER LEFT!"

## THE DYING WORDS OF A NIAGARA HACKMAN.

"Draw the *portière* aside, Effie."

These words came feebly from the lips of Mortimer Squires, around whom a number of persons were congregated. The man's eyes rolled idly about, and when little Effie, a blue-eyed child of five summers, had obeyed her father's command, and pushed the *portière* back so that the old man could see through the window in the next room, old Mortimer Squires raised himself, and rested his head upon his hand. Then he faintly murmured:

"It is sweet once more to look out upon yonder hills where my boyish footsteps strayed. Though I am here surrounded by every luxury that money can buy, I would be happier out there the poor boy that I was. Ah, yes, the poor, down trodden, over-worked, put-to-bed-early boy, with his hair growing through his hat, and no shoes on, and only one suspender, gets more real solid soul-satisfying bliss out of life in one minute than the swaggering, bond-holding nabob of a retired hackman does in a year. I am filled with sad yearnings and tender regrets as I look out on yonder lea, where I used to chase the red and yellow butterflies, and lie in the grass, and wade through the brook, and stone the hornets' nest. Those were dear sweet days that still stay in my memory as though tied to it with a hay-rope. There is the spot where I went fishing, and purloined apples, and listened to the tumble-bug as he tumbled. Uneasy lies the man that drives a hack when he lies on a bed as rough as the backbone of a shark."

Mortimer Squires paused, and looked around the room. On the wall hung a picture of Niagara Falls. The eyes of the dying millionaire were momentarily lighted by a strange sweet light, as he said:

"That carries me back to the early days when I had just started driving a hack in order to be in a position to get married. Those were happy days, indeed. That group yonder in front of the hotel contains many of my old companions, now sleeping beneath the daisies. That is my sister with the feather on her head. She was one of the Goat Island Indians. The Niagara hackman's sister should always be disguised as a squaw, and sell Indian trinkets. They can thus play into each other's hands. The Indian trinkets, such as canoes, beads, bows and arrows, come cheap. The Indians never make them, as tourists suppose. They are made in

Connecticut, and sold by the gross, with a liberal discount for cash. Those were times when you could only get two dollars for driving a man half a mile."

The old bond-holder motioned to his son:

"Come hither, Cecil Mordaunt."

Cecil walked over to take his sire's hand. "Cecil," said the defuncting hackman, feebly: "I am an old double-dyed and twisted-in-the-wool hackman. I could stand on the roof of a hack, and drive eight horses around a circus-ring, and jump all the barred gates, and I want to give you a pointer. If a man wants you to drive himself and a lady half a mile, ask him twenty-five dollars. He may think it exorbitant; but the presence of the lady will prevent him from demurring, because he will not want to be considered mean. But if he is alone, and desires to be driven half a mile, be reasonable. Charge him fifteen dollars. And when you get your money, don't put it in the savings-bank. If you do, your chances of ever growing rich will be about as small as the United States Navy. Crack all your shekels into U. S. bonds, and after you have been doing this two or three years, it will take a new lawn-mower every month to cut off the coupons. Always drive slow, to make a customer think you are taking him a great distance; and if he is a stranger, drive him around the block and through the woods a few times, and charge him extra because the roads are bad."

The bond-holder paused.

Every eye was upon him.

"He is delirious," said the doctor.

And then he sat up, made wild gestures, and shouted:

"Here you are, hack, hack, hack, hack! Want to go to the Irving Hotel? Here you are, right this way, now—hack, hack, hack! Only twenty dollars to take you a block! Step right this way, Mister! Hack, hack, hack! Want to take a ride? Hack, carriage, carriage, hack, carriage, carriage, carriage, hack, hack, ha—"

But he fell back on the pillow, and the spirit of the millionaire hackman—if this be not tau-tology—floated through the mullioned window and off into the golden somewhere.

And now in the little necropolis at Smithville may be read on a slab in a jasper and porphyry mausoleum:

MORTIMER CECIL SQUIRES.

Started April 4, 1816.

Stopped June 14, 1880.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

"George Washington having been a strictly truthful man, no great angling triumph is connected with his memory."—PUCK.

Why should PUCK, the ever-truthful, seek in this manner to continue the being of an apparently preposterous legend?

Is not the fact that once telling the truth by Washington was so notable as to be minutely recorded, sufficient to lead an ordinary observer to the conclusion that that distinguished individual was an untruthful child habitually?

And, in the light of such a demonstration, is it not unwise to undertake the rehabilitation of so nakedly reprobate a child constantly, when the possibility is presented that modern children will assume the once or the occasional telling the truth as sufficient *amende* for frequent falsehoods?

It is not the purpose of the writer to preach a sermon, but merely to direct attention to what seems a glaring and most dangerous inconsistency.

However, it may not be Washington's fault. Perhaps boys in Virginia a hundred years ago—like men of that Commonwealth now, if ex-Congressman Goode's and General Early's criticisms of Senator Mahone, and the latter's retort, may be esteemed any criterion—were so addicted to lying that one boy's truthfulness, although manifested on but a single occasion, was a fact worthy of record; and it may be, too—though we have no information on the point—that Washington did actually tell the truth more than once.

Newspapers are great teachers, especially such a newspaper as PUCK, which can speak to the unlettered as well as to the learned, and that fact is the inducement of this item.

Will not you, Mr. Editor, in future, please make reference to Washington's reputation for truth and veracity in a more cautious manner less likely to inculcate false notions in the minds of the rising generation?

Your obedient servant,

NEW YORK, Oct. 12th, 1883.

A. W.

IN THE Fall the dreamy plumber  
Knows his haul will soon begin;  
In the Fall the Squonk House clerklet  
Pawns his head-light diamond pin.







## SEASONABLE ADVICE.

"Alas, I am undone," sighs the gobbler: "the day is dark and dreary. There's nothing around that's cheery. And I'm sorry that I'm growing so fat, for my reveries are weary."

"Why are you so downhearted?" quacked a duck near by.

"Because I am going to be knocked out pretty soon," replied the gobbler: "I am sentenced without a trial, and there is no Court of Appeals. I am afraid I have got to go."

"Why don't you refuse food and keep thin?" suggested a Guinea-hen: "Don't eat any of that prepared food they give you, or you will be as big as David Davis by the fifteenth of November, and nothing will save you."

"If I were you," interposed an old gray gander who had been on the place for a number of years: "I would fly around a great deal, and work my weight down. Just get out there behind the barn, and fly from the hen-coop across to the fence and back about fifty times a day, and you will be so thin by Thanksgiving-Day that you will be considered sick, and the family will take roast-beef instead. I go into training myself a little later on, that I may be a skeleton by Christmas, because, you know, I am a Christmas bird. I remember, some years ago, when I was selected for the Christmas dinner, they put all sorts of tempting food before me, but I never touched it. I allowed my little cousin Lycurgus to eat it all. Lycurgus was not long-headed, and he weighed so much more than I did on the fatal day that he was cooked instead. On the following day the ashes were brushed up with his wings, and his head and old-gold legs were cast rudely upon the ash-heap."

The gobbler bowed his head upon his breast, but said nothing. His mind was filled with grave, weird thoughts, and he looked as sad as the ashen mist that hung dreamily over the distant landscape. The brook didn't babble any babbly laughter for him; the wind that sighed softly through the dry leaves, or played sad sweet interludes in the pine, only woke fond dreams in a breast filled with tender regrets. He stood there solemnly on one leg, and paid not the slightest attention to the political target-company or the song of the merry husker.

"I am too old to eat now," continued the goose: "I must be as tough as a pair of boots; but, at the same time, I am afraid they may take it into their heads to kill me for my grease. You know, goose-grease is splendid for croup, and croup will soon set in now."

And then the old Shanghai said:

"You had better be very careful, if you don't want to be destroyed. If I were you, I would go and wade around in that trough over there about three or four hours every day, and then you will get malaria, and shake off all your flesh and feathers, and look so thin and emaciated that they will be afraid to eat you for fear you may make them sick. Besides, this will not make it necessary for you to starve yourself, for you will shake off the fat about as fast as it can accumulate. You can walk around and eat all day, and still be as thin as a rail. Just think, if you get fat you will be killed, and stuffed with chestnuts or oysters, and filled up with pepper and sage and salt—"

"Yes," broke in a pigeon: "and after all that mixture is prepared, it will be thrust into you, and pressed and pressed until you can't hold any more. And after this you will be sewed over the stuffing like the cover over a base-ball, and thrown into the oven."

"I'll tell you what you had better do," said the goose.

"What?" asked the turkey.

"Fly down in the woods, and stay there until after Thanksgiving."

"Why do you take such an interest in me?" inquired the turkey.

"Because," replied the goose: "I hate our master. Only last August he yanked all my down out without giving me laughing-gas. Great Scott! how it did hurt! And I almost got pneumonia after it. I had to sit on a nest all day, and cover myself with straw to get warm. If you go down to the woods, I will fly over every day with your food; and when Christmas is coming on, I'll

## TOO TWO.



THE NEW YORK Herald FOR TWO CENTS—FULL OF TWO-CENT NEWS.

go down to the woods, and you'll fetch me my food, eh?"

"I will," replied the turkey.

"Then we understand each other?"

"We do," said the turkey.

And then they shook talons, and flew off to the woods to find a good perching-place; and, as they disappeared, the pigeon remarked to the Shanghai:

"This is the time when every turkey's name is Foraker, for, yea, verily, dearly beloved, the turkeys are now as sad and disconsolate as so many Ohio Republicans."

R. K. M.

## Answers for the Anxious.

JOANNA.—Pie may be your specialty; poetry is not.

HASELTINE.—Tell her PUCK'S ANNUAL is in preparation.

LOGOS.—Yes, a Greek pun is a nice thing. It is particularly effective in Keokuk, and is more or less appreciated in Skowhegan. Send it on, by all means, and we'll give it to our porter to chop kindling-wood with.

X. L., Sr.—All right, dear boy; we understand. You don't want us to print your parody on "Excelsior"—of course not. All you are after is that we should put it on record that you have done the maniacal act. We shall hold ourselves ready to appear as witnesses as soon as you have killed your man and put in your plea of insanity.

ANNIE L.—Should we like some humorous receipts? Why, Annie, dear girl, all receipts are humorous. Bless your soul, the masculine mind can find humor in the plainest housewifely prescription. To one pound of flour take three pounds of sugar and two quarts of vinegar. Stir well, pepper to taste, and strain through a colander or a colander or a cullender. That's funny enough for us, Annie.

We have received from Chas. Scribner's Sons "The Cottage Kitchen," by Marion Harland. It is a book of recipes, and tells you how to make the cook stop frying steaks, and putting cold dishes on the table during the winter, and how to keep the grayhound from thrusting his head into the stove and suddenly decamping with the chicken that is being done for dinner. It is a book well calculated to make every cottage home more cheerful, and we think it high time that the country rose up and declared Marion Harland the Apostle-ess of Cooking.

SUBJECTS FOR discussion in County Sewing-Circles:

The Widow from New York.

John Smith's Mortgage.

The Widow from New York.

The Way Mrs. Brown is Carrying On.

The Widow from New York.

Why Williamson has Meat only Once a Week.

The Widow from New York.

MR. PIERRE LALLEMENT used to stand on his head occasionally. You don't believe it? Ask any wheelman. He will go before a notary and take an oath that we are telling the truth. Yes he will, chickie. You have only to explain to him that Mr. Pierre Lallement invented and rode the first bicycle. He will back us right up.

THE BOSTON girl goes into a music-store and asks for "Saccharine specimens of the genus viola, order violacæ, perennial herbaceous plants, acaulescent or caulescent, peduncles angular, solitary." And the clerk wants to know if Fritz Emmet wrote it, and she faints.

## PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

"Dollars and Sense" has settled down at DALY'S, and Augustin proves his possession of the latter by his acquisition of the former. That's neat, if we did say it.

Miss Fédora Davenport is popularizing Sardou at the FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. "The Merry Duchess" takes her audience into the secret of her merriment at the STANDARD, and the "Mulligan Guard Picnic" is still a mirthful boon to the frequenters of the THEATRE COMIQUE.

"Francesca da Rimini," at the STAR THEATRE, is making such a boom for the American poet that Mr. V. Hugo Dusenbury, P. P., ought to come out of his financial dumps. The FIFTH AVENUE offers Mr. Coghlan, who is a very good actor, in two very tired plays—the "Celebrated Case" and "The Duke's Motto." Mr. Coghlan is always welcome; but those two plays ought to be sent away to some quiet place to mildew all by themselves.

We are pleased to say that "Prince Methusalem" has at last departed from the CASINO, and has given place to "The Princess of Trébizonde." We are with the girls every time, and we welcome this change. The Sunday concerts continue to introduce to the New York public various distinguished foreigners who can wrestle successfully with Chopin and Meyerbeer.

"Fritz" Emmet is at the THIRD AVENUE THEATRE. He has a new song. It is called "Sweet Violets." Bricks and eggs on sale in the lobby.

Abbey does "Faust" on the 2nd, when Signor Campanini will resume his interrupted mash.

WALLACK'S announces a "powerful array of novelty and variety." We trust this does not mean that Mr. Wallack and the honored Mr. John Gilbert are going to black up and do a clog together. But that would be novelty and variety.

The International News Co. has sent us a copy of *The Season* for November. Death has all seasons for its own, except this particular *Season*; which proves that this *Season* is full of life. It is richly illustrated, and contains many maps of garments that we never saw before, and consequently know nothing about.

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,  
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.





GETTING THEM INTO



P U C K.



INTO LINE FOR 1884.



## SUNDAY-NIGHT TEA.

Everybody who has lived in an American town or city knows what a Sunday-night tea is. Who is there who has not experienced its depressing gloom? It matters not whether the meal takes place in a boarding-house or in a private family, the funereal effect is the same.

Why should this be so?

In most households there is a certain amount of cheerfulness with meals, the Sunday-night tea alone excepted. Is it because people usually dine in the evening on week-days, and in the middle of the day on Sundays, in order to make work light for the servants?

The change of hour for the meal, together with the church-going or the Sunday rest, may have something to do with the general demoralization which is observable at the hour for the repast. No one ever partakes of it because he wants it. If he is in a boarding-house, he may go down to the basement, in order to have his money's worth. We will suppose he is the average clerk on a fair salary, who leads the life peculiar to clerks on fair salaries in New York. When he retired on Saturday night it was late, and he made some vague resolutions of getting up at a reasonable hour and going to church with his girl. But these resolutions all vanish in the morning. He wakes at ten, reads the papers until eleven, rises and dresses with care. Then he promenades on Fifth Avenue until one o'clock; goes home and sits down to dinner about half-past that hour—not, however, without being asked by all the other boarders if he has been to church, and receiving the intimation from all the ladies that he is "a naughty man" for neglecting his religious duties.

After dinner he thinks he will take a walk or make some calls; but, before doing so, he will just lie down in his room and take another glance at the paper. He takes a glance while reclining on his bed, and wakes up about six o'clock, when the time for the Sunday-night tea approaches. This is when he begins to breathe the gloomy atmosphere peculiar to the occasion. Sometimes it overcomes him, and he rushes out into the street in despair, entirely ignoring the meal to which he has been summoned by a noisy little bell. Perhaps he concludes to brave the terrors of the basement dining-room, and try to partake of some of the delicacies on the table. We all know what they are.

There are generally a few thin slices of lean beef laid out symmetrically on a dish; some flabby fruit afloat in syrup; a substance called cake, which is weighty enough for ballast for a racing-yacht. The tea is thin, and not hot. The only hot things are the pepper and the biscuits, which latter are also indigestible. And then the conversation! But we will not dwell on that painful subject. Everybody is dull and dyspeptic. The viands are uninviting. The afternoon has hung heavily on everybody's hands. All have come to the conclusion that life is a mistake.

They make a dart for their rooms, try to read, then go to bed early, waking on Monday morning with gladness that another working-day has arrived, which will enable them to get their regular evening dinner, with no terrors of a Sunday-night tea to face for at least six days.

A DOMESTIC GROUP—The Girls on Inspection in an Intelligence Office.

THE OLD MASTERS—Bosses of a Past Political Epoch.

## RHYMES OF THE BOOK.

## I.

WHEN Esau back from hunting came,  
All weary, hungry, stiff and lame,  
And found within his cottage  
No signs of supper, in a pout,  
He sold his precious birthright out  
For one hot mess of pottage.

To Isaac's bed-side Jacob slid,  
Pretending he was t'other kid—  
The blessing was awarded!  
Thus by his cuteness, all the same,  
He played the very first "skin" game  
That history has recorded.

## II.

WHEN Lot and wife from Sodom fled,  
He straight o'er hill and valley sped,  
But she in her course did waver.  
That she got "left" was not his fault;  
He reasoned thus: "'Tis only salt  
That possibly can save her."

As she turned salt, he turned away  
And "soured on her," as they say.  
This was his first impression:  
"I'll yield her only with my life.  
But then you're most too salt a wife—  
I guess I'll get a fresh un!"

JOHN ALBRO.

## THE FIRST SUMMER-RESORT.

## A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Ages ago, before the noble red man had filed a squatter's claim to the larger portion of the American continent, the province of Bildup, embracing what is now the site of the City of Marietta, Ohio, formed a part of Terronea—mentioned in our histories as the Land of the Mound-Builders.

It was a pleasant country, and a fruitful one, for the climate was mild and the soil was productive. Cyclones and election years were alike unknown. And, spite of their remoteness from the age of the electric light, the ward caucus and the county jail, Bildupites were a contented and a happy people.

Their King, Mulligatawny Supe, held his court near his Lake Superior copper-mines, in order that he might not be swindled by his superintendents. A jovial monarch, the pride of all Terronea, the idol more especially of his cook—for the King appreciated a good dinner—he dwelt in a long one-storied palace, around which were grouped the houses of his attendants. Favored in location, beautiful in construction, was the chief city of Terronea: more beautiful yet was it rendered by the presence of the wifeless King's only daughter.

Pootipet—for that was her name—was, as kings' daughters usually are, the finest woman on whom the sun ever shone. To be sure, an ungentlemanly member of the Kritikal or Liberal party had once asserted that her forehead was too high, and that her nose was exceeded in length by scores of plebeian noses. It was understood, however, that the person who had made this remark was, from the very nature of the case, prejudiced and unfair. And, with this exception, no one had ever ventured to question Pootipet's surpassing loveliness.

Yet kings have their trials, as well as other people. And thus it happened that, on the morning of his fifty-eighth birthday, the King of Terronea awoke in a very bad humor, feeling a pain at the stomach and having a disagreeable taste in his mouth. Even the loving salutation of Pootipet failed to chase the frowns from the royal visage; and when the Lord Chamberlain ventured to wish many happy returns, the unreasonable monarch acted as though insulted. When the King sat down to breakfast, he scowled at the petted elephant and threw the fricasséed ichthyosaurus at the baker. Broiled mastodon he regarded with positive loathing, and refused to touch; and a preparation of maize—which had taken the first premium at the annual exhibition of the Terronea Gastronomical Society—he ordered thrown into the lake. Finally, he left the table, retired to his couch, and sent for the Court Physician.

"Pilbolus, you scoundrel!" cried the kingly sufferer, as his adviser entered: "what is the matter with me?"

"Your Majesty's mind is too much for your Majesty's body," said the physician: "Your Majesty should discontinue these antiquarian researches. What makes it how many generations have lived and died before our time? The royal health has been undermined by the exploration of shell-heaps, and the royal intellect has been too severely taxed by speculations as to the origin of material things."

"But it isn't my intellect," gasped the King, tossing restlessly from side to side: "it's—it's my stomach!"

## SWEET INFANCY.



HOW EVERYBODY ADMIRES OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN—



AND HOW PEOPLE ADMIRE THEIR OWN.



"Surely, your Majesty has not indulged in megalosaurus salad?" hinted the Court Physician.

"How could I, dolt, when it may only be eaten in the months that have a *k*?" retorted the King, with some show of anger.

"True!" murmured the Court Physician: "I should not have asked. Possibly your Majesty has swallowed some reptile with his drinking-water?"

"I have drank no water for seventeen years!" said the King, with manifest pride.

The Court Physician meditated upon what he had heard.

"Would not exercise—agreeable, yet vigorous exercise—benefit your Majesty?" he timidly asked: "There is a megalonyx to be hunted. Perhaps—"

"Out of my sight!" roared the King: "To think that you should suggest such a thing, while I can't move! Bring the Court Magician, and look sharp about it!" and the King covered his face with his hands, and wondered why he should have an attack of sickness for a birthday-present.

The Court Magician, Egtootha, was a very old man. He was learned in all the wisdom of his profession, and for this reason was never consulted except in case of necessity. Now, in consideration of the gravity of the situation, he put on his thinking-cap before he entered the royal presence. Thus attired, he looked steadfastly at the King for the space of an hour before he rendered his decision.

"The demon which torments your Majesty can be exorcised in the province of Bildup. Thither you must resort. In Bildup a mound of earth a hundred feet in height and a mile in length must be erected, for which service you shall pay the builders ten bars of copper. To the top of the mound you must, unaided, climb daily, and must run the full length of it seven times. Sacrifice then to the Sun-god, and you shall be healed."

This was a direful sentence to the King, who was of a somewhat corpulent habit, and who treasured his copper almost as fondly as he did his daughter. In fact, he questioned for some time whether it might not be more profitable to die at once. Then he decided that, as he could not take his copper with him into the unknown future, it would pay to give up some of it rather than to lose it all. Accordingly, the King sent messengers to Bildup, ordering his subjects to set their slaves at work on the mound. And, in the month of July, attended only by the Court Magician and the Lord Chamberlain, he set out for the place where his cure was to be effected.

The Bildupites had fulfilled their monarch's behest with a vengeance. The great mound, stretching from east to west, was even more than a mile in length! The horror-stricken King would have protested against this addition to his labors; but, as the Court Magician expressed the utmost satisfaction, the King could not make any alteration, and he entered upon his task with dismal forebodings.

It was a pitiful spectacle which the corpulent King presented when, clad as lightly as consorted with kingly propriety, he started on his first seven miles. To begin with, although the sides of the mound sloped inward, and the earth was soft, it was no small undertaking to reach the top.

Arrived at the summit, the King panted for breath, and would gladly have rested a moment; but the Lord Chamberlain pelted him with stones, (as the King had rashly consented that he should,) until the unfortunate man was forced into a run. Several times he made a misstep, and rolled to the ground. Then he had to clamber back and recover what he had lost. Finally, however, he completed his task, and, being bathed by his attendants, was soon asleep.

## TOO MUCH "SUN"-LIGHT.



NEW YORK ALDERMAN:—"If thim noozepapiz is to repoort the prosaydin's of us private gintlemin managin' the pooblic affairs—whoy, the saycrits of statesminship will all be give away an' the business kilt intoirely!"

Within a week the story of the King's doings spread throughout his dominions, and from all the provinces of Terronea those of his subjects who owned much copper and many slaves flocked to Bildup. Here they also erected mounds, upon the tops of which they ran to and fro, pausing often to make obeisance to the Sun-god.

It was strange, the King thought, if these aerial devotions could not, in some cases, be performed at home, and he ordered the construction of mounds in all parts of Terronea. Bildup, however, remained the resort of the *élite*, and the city and province were soon densely peopled.

During this time the King's health continued to improve. He ate the simplest food, bathed regularly, and slept ten hours of the twenty-four. He could sleep now, and when he awoke he felt at peace with all the world. This change in his condition, he reflected, must have been brought about by the placated Sun-god. Of course that deity, himself so far above the earth, would take no notice of those who groveled in the dust to worship him. For this reason the King was heartily pleased with the action of his people; and, that their mounds might be the more quickly completed, he remitted the import duty on slaves.

In the month of September the King announced that the demon had departed from his stomach. Immediately, therefore, he prepared to leave for home. A solemn service was held, at which hymns of thanksgiving were chanted, while sacrifices were offered on a specially constructed altar-mound. Then, weighing thirty pounds less, and feeling forty years younger, the King started for his palace by the lake.

As, amid the plaudits of the Bildupites, the

party set out on the long journey, the Court Magician moved to his master's side:

"Live forever, O King!" he cried. Then his eyes grew strangely bright, and his face took on a far-away expression, as he said:

"Thou knowest, O King! that to me is it given to read the future. Now know that, many suns hence, there shall arise in our land a people that shall not worship the Sun-god, but shall bow before a god called Otherpeople-doit. And at a certain season they too shall go many miles from their homes, to the mountains or the sea-side. They also shall run seven miles a day, to reach a resting-place at the top of mighty palaces; and ten bars of copper—ay, ten bars of gold—shall scarce suffice to exorcise the demon that shall hold the palace-keys!"

WALTER L. SAWYER.

IN THE Fall the comic lecture  
Blossoms sweetly in the land;  
In the Fall we hear the tooting  
Of no roaming German band.

A SMALL BOY recently made so much noise  
around the place that his mother bought him  
a drum to keep him quiet.

IN THE Fall the largest bullock  
At the fair receives the prize;  
In the Fall the farmer's fancy  
Turns to thoughts of pumpkin-pies.

IF THE dudes who stand in front of the Fifth  
Avenue Hotel all day received about two dol-  
lars per diem for doing it, they wouldn't have  
the physique to stand it a week.

## AMERICAN ART INDUSTRY IN EUROPE.

ONE of the most gratifying signs of European appreciation of American products of Art Industry is the steady and constantly increasing export of first-class American Pianofortes and Reed Organs, which are, on account of their superiority and lasting qualities, preferred to home made instruments by musical Europeans.

The Hamburg Steamer *Bohemia*, on Sept. 15, took out a Steinway & Sons' Concert Grand Piano, bearing the number 50,000, purchased by Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild of Vienna, who having in May, 1882, purchased a Steinway Parlor Grand, now acquires the fifty-thousandth Piano manufactured by Messrs. Steinway & Sons [and said to be their grandest production in the shape of a Grand Piano ever achieved by them] for his Music Salon.

Until the year 1862, little was known in Europe of American Pianos, but quite a sensation was created in musical circles, when at the World's Fair at London in that year, the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons, New York, were exhibited and awarded a first prize medal. [The Grand Piano bearing the No. 4,607.]

The crowning triumph, however, Messrs. Steinway & Sons achieved at the Universal Exposition of Paris, in 1867, when the first of the Grand Gold Medals for American Pianos was awarded to them, and their new System of construction unanimously endorsed by the Jury on Musical Instruments in their official report.

The Grand Piano exhibited, No. 13,227, was purchased by the Baronesse de Rothschild of Paris, for her Chateau Ferrieres, Messrs. Lionel and James de Rothschild of London, afterwards also acquiring Steinway pianos.

Of the reigning families of Europe who purchased Steinway Pianos for their own use, may be mentioned the Queen of Spain, in 1868, the Empress of Russia, in 1871, the Sultan of Turkey, in 1875, the Queen of England for her Castle in Balmoral, in 1879. Grand Piano No. 25,000, [the advent of which was celebrated by Steinway & Sons and their 1,000 Employees, May 4th, 1872] was purchased for the Czarowitz [now Emperor,] of Russia, together with two more Steinway Grands for members of the Imperial Court through the Russian Embassy at Washington.

Among the many most prominent names in the World of Art, owning and using Steinway Pianos such names as Franz Liszt, Richard Wagner, Professor Helmholtz, Adelina Patti, Etelka Gerster may be mentioned. From the London [1862] and Paris [1867] World's Fairs may be dated the beginning of the export of American Pianos to Europe, the official statistics last published [for 1881] showing that no less than 70 per cent. thereof were of the manufacture of Steinway & Sons, New York.

To those who delight in figures it may be of interest to know that Messrs. Steinway & Sons commenced business in New York in March 1853. Among their Pianos at the Centennial, 1876, taking the highest award for "Highest degree of excellence in all styles," the Concert Grand was numbered 33,710, and at their factory the Piano No. 52,000 is already begun. Steinway & Sons manufacture fully 3,000 Pianos per annum, of which over 1,000 are Grand Pianos.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES.  
EDENIA AND MARECHAL NIEL ROSE.

SWEET BOUQUET CIGARETTES afford a dainty whiff for connoisseurs.

Pause and consider, that Swayne's Ointment has cured more cases of Itching Piles than all remedies combined.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Numbers 6, 9, 10, 14, 16, 22, 25, 26, 29, 38, 41, 53, 56, 58, 67, 69, 72, 74, 76, 79, 85, 87, 103, 108, 110, 111, 113, 118, 154 and 167 of English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy; and No. 131 at 25 cents.

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## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. Forms are closed on Friday at ten o'clock A. M. PUBLISHERS PUCK.

## MILWAUKEE SUNBEAMS.

It is alleged that a man in Georgia has a rooster that "strikes the hour." He crows twelve times every night at twelve o'clock, and is sure not to vary a second from the correct time. Let us see. The Apostle Peter had something to do with a night-crowing rooster some years since. His rooster crew thrice, while the Georgia man's crows twelve times. According to this, it is calculated that the Georgia man can prevaricate four times to Peter's once. Tally one for Georgia.

CHICAGO is a little disappointed at losing the base-ball championship, to Boston, and considering that Boston has always been called the modern Athens, and now contains the champion prize-fighter and other chromos, the following, from the *Chicago Herald*, is full of gall:

"Chicago, discarding the empty pleasures of the prize-ring, base-ball field and race-course, contents itself with plucking the rich laurels which are reserved for the victor in the broad fields of science, art and literature. The modern Athens on the shores of Lake Michigan salutes the depraved Old Sport on Massachusetts Bay."

It will be a time for rejoicing in the West when Chicago becomes the patron of art, and the centre of all scientific attainments, and the home of literature, while Boston has nothing but a champion prize-fighter, and the worst fighting bull-dogs in this country. Shades of Emerson, Butler, *et al.*, defend us! And to think that Milwaukee is only eighty-five miles from this great Chicago!

ONE would think that Sullivan, the prize-fighter, would be happy; but he has one heart-burning that overcomes all the triumphs of his art. He fears that when his days of championship are over, and he retires from the ring, he will not amount to any more than an ex-President of the United States—in fact, that he will be forgotten. We trust no such fate awaits Sullivan as has befallen Hayes. Sullivan should cheer up and think of General Grant.

THE *Sun* advises its readers not to become unduly excited over the insults that the King of Spain is alleged to have received in Paris. The dispatches to the papers magnify the affair so that it seems to assume great proportions, when in fact it was nothing more than a few hisses and hoots by a low class of people, and it was only an annoyance to the king. We should not become excited over it, and talk about wiping out the stain in blood. Keep cool. It is no more than if the Mayor of Oshkosh should be riding in a procession in Milwaukee, and some Third Ward hoodlums should yell at him to pull down his vest, or wipe off his chin, or shoot the hat. It is no worse than it would have been if some loud-mouthed individual had insulted the Detroit aldermen when they were here to inspect our breweries. In either case, the people of Europe would not have been informed of their insults by cable, and they would not have discussed Oshkosh and Detroit, and got wild over the insults. Let us be calm.—*G. W. Peck, in Peck's Sun.*

A RURAL young lady visited the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, and when she returned home she told her mother that one of the monkeys spoke to her. A girl who can't distinguish a dude from a monkey should be given a few lessons in natural history. The monkey is the most intelligent looking, but doesn't wear such ridiculous clothes.—*Norristown Herald.*

A SCIENTIST says that in the moon a hickory-nut falling from a bough would crash through a man like a minnie-ball. That settles it. We shall never go to the moon to gather hickory-nuts.—*Norristown Herald.*

## REMEMBER!!

WE RECOMMEND

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Made for More than 50 Years at

PHILADELPHIA  
BY

## Frederick Brown,

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Be sure you get the GENUINE BROWN'S GINGER. Ask for Frederick Brown's Ginger—the Old-fashioned—TAKE NO OTHER!

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for the Million.

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ANY CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

The effects produced are truly wonderful. It is made in different sizes, from the LITTLE DOT at \$5.00, and the \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$25.00 sizes, to the MUSICAL CABINET at \$75.00 and the large PIPE ORGANS.

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**831 BROADWAY,**

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## CASTILE SOAP.

Into the Plaza del Sophia—  
His horse all flecked with foam—  
The courier, Don Wan Maria,  
Came riding wildly home.  
"O Spaniards! high and low," he cried:  
"Most evil news I bring—  
The vulgar Frenchmen do deride  
And stultify our king!"

Up started Don Tomato then—  
A brave hidalgo he—  
And queried to his fellow-men  
How they could silent be.  
"Shall we," he cried: "look tamely on  
Alfonso's shame, and mope  
When we should shout for Arragon,  
And strike for Castile's hope?"

Now tremble, France, thy doom is spoke,  
And cooked thy fated goose—  
The pestilential seals are broke,  
The dogs of war turned loose.  
"To arms, to arms, Cantharides!"  
The Spanish courtiers cry,  
And, maddened by such shouts as these,  
To arms the Spanish fly.

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

If you wish to make a man perfectly miserable, send him an important message by telephone. Tell him to be sure to meet you at a hotel at a certain hour, say. But when he asks you who you are, don't understand him, and don't give him your name. He'll fret off a pound of flesh an hour trying to make out who it is that telephoned him.—Boston Post.

"Yes," said Mrs. Brownsmith: "I want a good girl, and possibly you might do; but have you had any experience?"

"Experience, is it?" replied the damsel, resting her hands on her hips and tossing her head in the air: "Experience, is it? Faith, and haven't Oi been in no less than twinty families during the last month?"—Boston Transcript.

THE comet of 1812 is coming back again. It is understood it will put in a claim on the Government for a pension, with arrears, on the ground of having been present during the last war with England.—Lowell Citizen.

"Yes," said Farmer John: "my summer-boarders complain that the nights are cold; but they certainly have no right to expect me to take the blankets off the tomato-vines such weather as this."—Philadelphia Call.

A PRONOUNCED disinclination to get excited on politics is perceptible in more than thirty of the thirty-eight States.—Washington Post.

\*"Mean people take advantage of their neighbors' difficulties to annoy them." Mean diseases, such as piles, rheumatism, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, lame backs, etc., take advantage of people's exposures and attack them. Kidney-Wort puts all to rest.

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"No, ma'am. Pa always figures on thirteen per cent, and if there are twenty-four days over he calls it a month! I guess that is a misprint."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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ADAM ate the apple because it looked ripe and luscious and he wanted it, and his treachery to Eve, his cowardly betrayal of a poor, defenseless woman, who had no big brothers and rich kin to stand by her, has clouded his name for many thousand years. Ancient and modern history gibbets the traitor and makes treachery the most disgraceful of all crimes.—*Memphis Appeal.*

THE reason Tennyson does not like to write a poem on "Gillie" Brown is because the latter used to guy the laureate on pay-day, making him fall in line with the other hands as they filed around in front of the cashier's window for their wages.—*Unknown Ex.*

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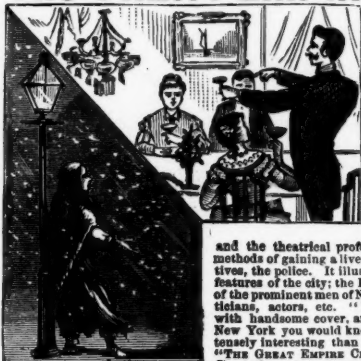
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"Hello, down there!"

"How can I leave thee?" sang the obvious youth.

"Darned if I know, because the street-cars have stopped running, and all decent people have gone to bed; but if you want to get away half as bad as I want you to go, you just stop howling, and roost on the fence till I go out to the stable and hook up the old roan to the milk-wagon, and I'll drive you anywhere. I can't sleep as long as you are there, and I might as well be taking a little exercise, and afford some relief to a suffering fellow-citizen at the same time."—*Merchant Traveler.*

"MR. WHITE," said a Harrisburgh lawyer to a witness in the box: "at the time these papers were executed, you were speculating, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in oil?"

"I was."

"And what are you in now?"

"Bankruptcy," was the solemn reply.—*Wall Street News.*

STATISTICS state that there are two million widows in the German Empire. It has heretofore been understood that young men leave Germany for this country in order to escape compulsory military service; but after reading the foregoing statement we are in possession of a much better reason for their emigration.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A COUPLE of pickpockets followed a gentleman for some blocks with a view of availing themselves of the first opportunity to relieve him of his purse. He suddenly turned into a lawyer's office.

"What shall we do now?" asked one.

"Wait for the lawyer," said the other.—*Philadelphia Call.*

WHILE walking on a railroad track recently, a man caught his foot in a "frog" just as the whistle of an approaching train sounded. He made almost superhuman efforts to break away, but without success, and the train dashed madly by him on another track.—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

If the young woman who cleans her gloves with kerosene, and wears them to church before they are thoroughly evaporated, knew what effect it has on the Christianity of those near her, she would probably go fishing for one Sunday.—*Chicago Telegram.*

"DEAR me," said a good old lady on Fifth Avenue the other evening: "how this craze for china is growing! Here's a New York club that pays \$3,000 for a pitcher!"—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

It is said that Sullivan, the brawny pugilist of Boston, will run for Congress this Fall in that city. We pity the man that runs against him. It will be a fall election for him.—*Titusville Herald.*

THE Bostons got beaten for their own benefit. Another example of the sacrifice of honor for gold.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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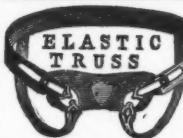
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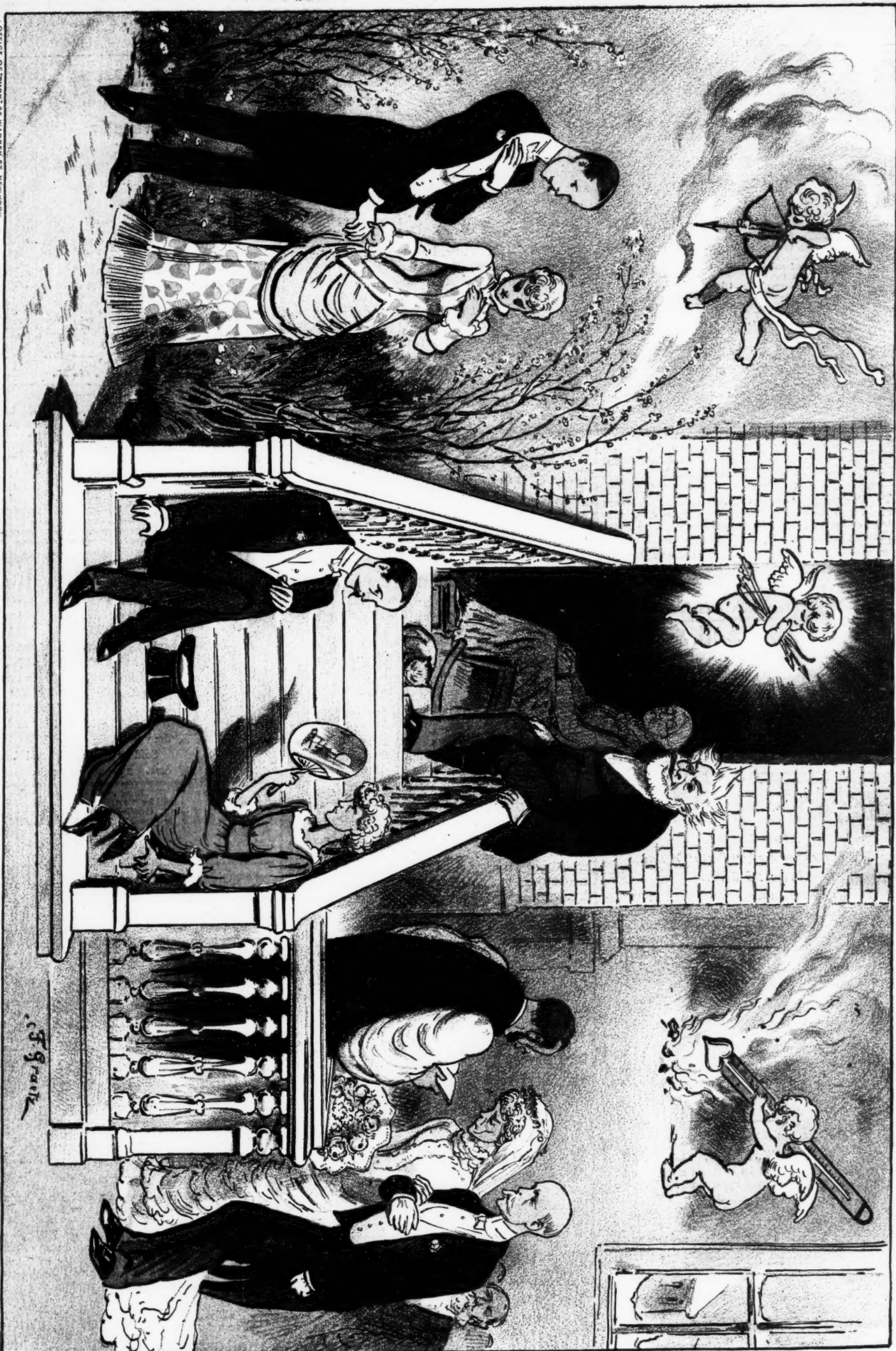
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